The Theremin

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25331179.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/ Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Hannibal Season Four, Fluff, Hannibal teaches Will how to play the theremin, Hannibal and Will in Cuba, Oneshot, Not Beta Read, Soft Hannigram, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Teasing, Light Touches, A little choking but it's only teasing, Writing Exercise, This author has a sweat kink probably
Language:	English
Series:	Part 24 of Hannigram Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-17 Words: 1,232 Chapters: 1/1

The Theremin

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

S4 Fluff Train Ficlet:

One morning, Will finds Hannibal playing the theremin in the study of the beach house in Cuba. Hannibal shows him how to play it.

Some gentle moments.

Notes

Hello!

In a desperate attempt to fight writer's block I ended up with this. Hope you enjoy this. This may not be my best work but I am proud to have written something.

Plus, soft murder husbands are always needed, right?

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more notes

The first rays of the morning sun filtered through the gap of the eggshell-colored curtains, and the faint, soothing sound of the ocean, accompanied by the call of the seagulls, resounded in the bedroom.

Woken by the light, the seagulls and the sticky, humid air, Will looked around in his sleepy haze as he found the spot to the right, where Hannibal usually lay, be empty. He stretched out his hand. The sheets were still warm and deduced that Hannibal couldn't be gone for long and probably fetched fresh ingredients form the farmers market. Will scolded himself for the irrational thoughts in his mind washing over him for a second.

The pleasant, high-pitched sound of the theremin put an amused smirk his face and extinguished all traces of worry and corrected his assumption. Hannibal was already up and composing a new piece of music. He always got up earlier than Will did. Groaning, Will forced himself out of the damp silken sheets and stood up. He lazily stretched his legs and arms and neck, did some exercises to ease the ache in his shoulder, then fetched a pair of black silken boxers from the wardrobe and headed to the nightstand again. Will poured himself two glasses of water from the decanter, as the humid heat here in Cuba, along with the salt in the air, always made his mouth dry.

He placed the glass and the empty decanter on the dark-brown round oak table at the end of the room, then headed towards the vast study room, where he found Hannibal immersed in his work. The room was a faint echo of Hannibal's home in Baltimore mingled with Cuban influences. A harpsichord stood in the top left corner and a piano in the top right one . Big bookshelves lined up against the wall on the mezzanine. Drawings lay scattered on a mahogany desk in the center of the ground floor.

But Hannibal sat there on the wooden piano bench in front of his theremin near the windows, wearing nothing but his tight silver, silken briefs. His sight was fixed at the turquoise sea and the white shore and he didn't see or hear Will coming in.His peppered hair had grown longer since their escape and rebirth, having now the same lengths before his incarceration, was tousled from sleep. Beads of sweat clung to his well-trained, muscular and sun-tanned back.

Will watched from the threshold how Hannibal created a powerful, hauntingly beautiful sound without touching the instrument. He didn't want to disturb his serene state of mind. His eyes followed the gracious movements of his arms. Those were the very same hands that had destroyed and killed so many lives. Right now they were tender. Hannibal was both creator and destroyer. Benevolent in his whimsies but also brutal and volatile.

He closed his eyes and let the slow, pleasant melody of the classical piece sink into the depths of his mind, then walked up to Hannibal and lingered behind him. Will put his hands on his damp shoulders, giving them a light squeeze before bowing down and repetitively planting gentle morning kisses on Hannibal's unshaven cheeks and his forehead.

Hannibal stopped playing, and the music abruptly ended as the movements of his hands ceased. Instead, he reached his hands over his shoulders to clasp them with Will's for a moment and squeeze them. He laid his head back against Will's belly, enjoying the drawn-out

kiss. He inhaled the sweat and the natural, musky scent coming off his lover while looking up at him with his head bent back.

“How rude of you not to wake me up with morning kisses and sex and leave the bed like that to chase your own pleasures,” Will teased.

“How rude of me, indeed,” Hannibal confessed and smirked up at his lover. But he knew that Will didn’t mind that and enjoyed his composing and musical talent. “I did want to make love to you, but you slept so beautifully, mylimasis.”

Will raised one of his eyebrows and placed a hand around Hannibal’s throat.A tiny, playful squeeze. Hannibal tensed a little but let him do it. He trusted Will with his life and decide what his life is worth to him.

“And yet you decided to disrupt my beauty sleep. Better than anyone you should know you would deserve to be killed for that rudeness.”

Will wasn’t hungry nor lusting to hurt his partner in crime in the slightest; he merely enjoyed teasing Hannibal.

“Apologies, my love,” Hannibal said and meant it. ”I think I shall go and make breakfast for us both.“ He rose halfway up with the intention to leave the room, but Will pressed him down again and settled next to him, wrapping an arm around his waist possessively.

“Oh, no, no. Stay where you are, *Doctor*”, he purred. “Would you make up for your terrible mistake by teaching me how to play the theremin?”

Hannibal’s maroon eyes sparkled with joy at the prospect of Will, showing interest in learning one of his instruments.

“With the greatest pleasure.”

Instructed by Hannibal, Will began to move his hands instinctively. At first, the sound was rather shrill and unpleasant and sounding like a wailing ghost. But with Hannibal’s guiding hands, he managed to create a piece of pleasant music, a melody at the end of the hour. Hannibal was proud of him. He admired how fast Will learned and how gifted he was. But he shouldn’t be that surprised. The theremin was also psychological instrument and Will possessed the prerequisites to play and manipulate it just like he could manipulate people with his empathy.

“Am I better or worse than Alana or Bedelia?” Will suddenly asked, somewhat jealous.

This question hit Hannibal out of nowhere. Hannibal nuzzled Will’s cheek with his nose. His fond smile faded a little at the stinging remark Will made about the past, but he accepted that jab.

“A lot more perceptive than Alana,” he replied curtly. And I never taught Bedelia if that bothers you.” He led Will’s right hand to his mouth and kissed every single knuckle he once

had bandaged some years ago in Baltimore. “You have a unique talent. It requires careful hands and the willingness to learn and you possess it all. You astound me every day, dearest.”

Will appeared to be satisfied by that compliment and the reverend kisses. The jealous and predatory look in his storm-blue eyes waned a little.

“Oh you flatter me,” Will answered with satisfaction in his voice, withdrew his hand, and pulled up Hannibal’s chin to give him a tender kiss while resting his forehead against his.

“Let’s play something together,” Will murmured against Hannibal’s lips and bumped his nose against his husband’s. “Any ideas?”

“I would suggest a simple melody to practice. Perhaps the beginning of the Goldberg Aria by Bach?”

Will nodded in agreement and left another smacking kiss on the lips of his beloved and withdrew his hand from his waist to create a sound and search for the right tune.Witnessing this, Hannibal smiled at him, ruffled through the messy curls of Will, then locked his hands with Will’s to aid him when he didn’t quite hit the note and rhythm. Hannibal rested his chin on his shoulder as he guided his hands with gentle touches to find the correct pitch for the classical piece.

End Notes

I ignored the fact that Will has tinnitus thanks to his fight with Budge.

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